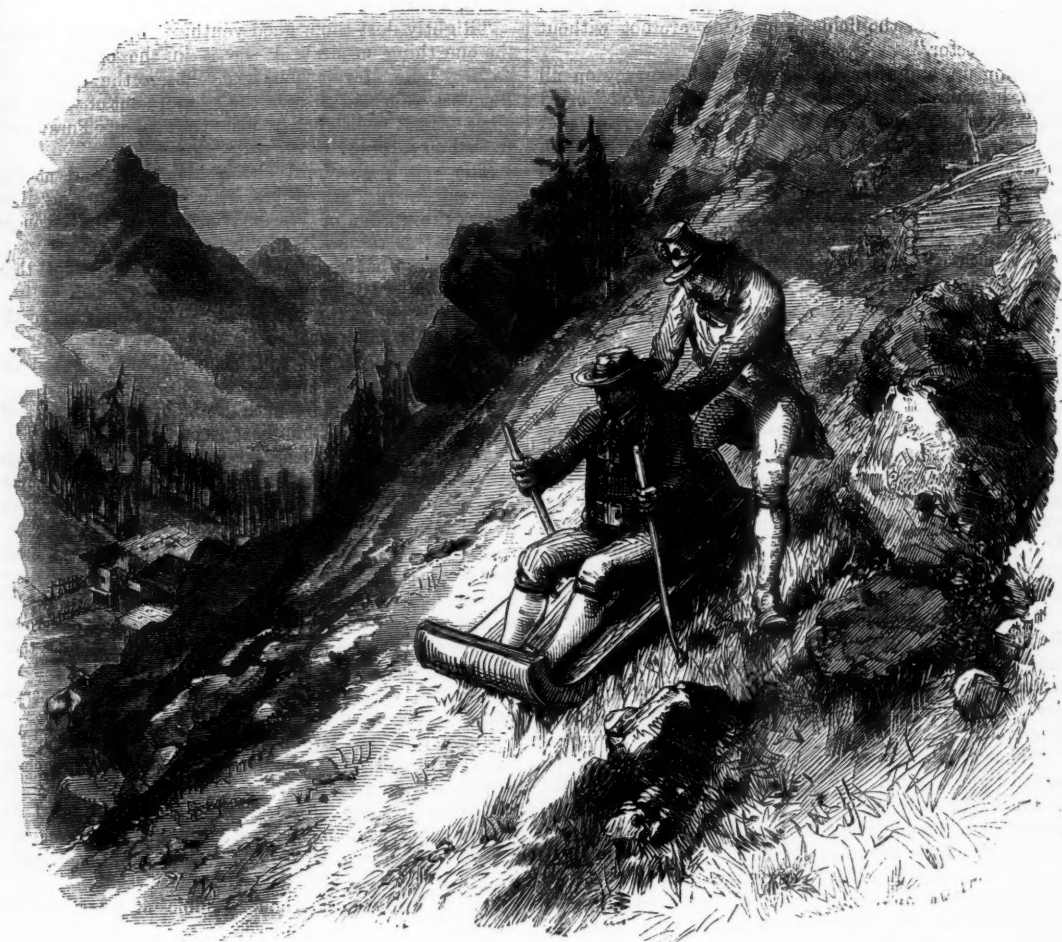


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



GETTING READY FOR A SWIFT DESCENT.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER I.

LIGHTLY and mildly the south wind traversed the Alpine tracts of the Tannen Mountain, in the archbishopric of Salzburg. On a thousand flowerets the glistening tears of the morning dews sparkled like diamonds in the rays of a May-day sun. On the green velvet of the young grass the solemn chief of the lowing herd marched along with the far-sounding bell pendant from his ample and powerful neck, attended by the dun cow, the bearded goat, and his bleating flock. From the dark

blue vales arose small clouds of white vapour, which, dissolving into long semi-transparent lines, resembled veils floating above the wood-darkened ridges of the mountains. Gigantic eminences reared their hoary summits unto the azure sky.

A man, in years already beyond the middle age, still active, and whose appearance bespoke him of a respectable class, was with difficulty ascending the steep.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, almost breathless with exertion, as he loosened a burden from his back and stretched himself out upon the grass. "Oh! this is indeed a mountain to climb! These stiff ascents soon make the

infirmities of the body apparent. My feet totter, my chest aches, and my arms are weary and benumbed. Once this toil was almost a pastime!" and after a little pause, he thus soliloquised, with his eyes raised towards the mountains still above him: "Yes, yes, noble Watzmann there! and thou, stupendous Gosh! with snow-capped summits pointing to heaven, you remind me that above is our only true fatherland; for there, no Archbishop von Firmian domineereth, to pursue us, with his familiars, like hunted deer."

The wanderer now gazed fearfully around. "Hist! silence, old man! for though none but quadruped observers are moving about thee, a Jesuit may probably lie in wait concealed among them, in order to detect the execrated heretic. But, at all events," said he, with more of serenity expressed in his countenance, "the very creatures of the fields around me are not without their protector."

Rising up, and after a long and careful survey on all sides, he raised his voice aloud: "Ho! hallo!" cried he, "is there no one here who can assist a weary traveller to a refreshing draught? I thought so!" he murmured, as a form arose from behind one of the huge fragments of rock which were lying strewn around. "So I thought! Be wary, George," he said to himself, in an undertone, "though that fellow does not look like a spy of the priests either." He now drew near to the shepherd, who was a stout, ruddy youth.

"Praised be Jesus Christ!" was the traveller's salutation.

The face of the shepherd, which at first had assumed a friendly aspect, darkly lowered, as he curtly responded, "Good morning."

Although the reply seemed cool, the stranger's countenance brightened up. But feigning a reproachful look and stern tone of voice, he continued: "How! art thou not a good Catholic Christian, that thou knowest not how to make a proper answer to my greeting? And what do I perceive? Thou bearest neither rosary nor scapulary, as the lordly fathers have expressly commanded."

"I am truly a Catholic Christian," gruffly answered the shepherd; "and if I am not quite a good one—for none is good but God alone—I believe myself to be better than thou art, since thou usest the name of our Saviour without necessity, and therefore without reverence."

"That does not proceed from thine own brain," observed the old man, with satisfaction. "I should like to know the source of this wisdom. Be not hasty, young man," he continued, laying his hand in a pacifying manner upon the shoulder of the shepherd, who had now become heated with zeal. "I agree with thee, but thou canst not blame me for having tried thee a little in the first instance. No doubt thou art aware how the worshippers of our Lord, in spirit and in truth, are persecuted in the valleys below, by those who name themselves, indeed, after Jesus, but who are ravenous wolves in sheep's clothing. But I am thirsty. Hast thou no fresh milk in store?"

Both the men now stepped up to the rock behind which the shepherd had been reposing, and the latter, producing a large pitcher, cordially offered its contents to the stranger, who, although thirsty as he had previously declared himself to be, instead of accepting it, took hold of the youth's hand, which he observed clasped an object that intensely excited the traveller's curiosity.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Dost thou use a book for a cover to thy milk-jug? Let me see it."

After some hesitation the shepherd presented it to him.

"Dr. Arndt's 'True Garden of Paradise,'" said he, reading half audibly, and marvelling greatly within himself. "How camest thou by this book?" he asked.

"I bought it," answered the shepherd, with a joyful air of satisfaction.

"For the cover of thy milk-can?"

"By no means," said the other, testily. "I was deeply considering it when thy call disturbed me, and I always read it when I can find time."

"Then thou knowest how to read?" asked the traveller, doubtingly.

It was not without a modest blush, nor yet without evident satisfaction, that the interrogation was answered, "Yes, a little; I take pains."

"Rightly dost thou, good youth. Thou hast learned the one thing needful; I see it in the choice of thy book. Like Mary, thou hast chosen the good part. But dost thou also possess the treasure out of which the pious Arndt constructed his 'Garden of Paradise'? Hast thou a Bible?"

The young shepherd shook his head, and at this moment hastily seized his book, exclaiming, "Here comes the warden of Werffen,* who might have caught me with this volume."

"Who? what? the warden of Werffen, didst thou say?" inquired the stranger, pale and terrified.

"Yes," replied the shepherd. "There he is approaching with his followers."

"Thinkest thou he will come hither?" asked the other, trembling.

"Assuredly; the footpath leads directly to us, and over the part which thou hast ascended."

With the utmost fear expressed in his features, the stranger ran back for his bundle, and placing it upon his shoulders, asked the shepherd to show him a place of concealment.

"If thou hast cause to be afraid of the warden," said the shepherd, "thou art in danger, for, even if by any means thou couldst elude his eagle-eye, and hide thyself behind one of these jutting rocks, his mastiffs would certainly scent thee out, or overtake thee, shouldst thou attempt to escape by flight."

"Then," cried the traveller, in a tone of lamentation, "I am lost indeed!"

"Art thou an assassin, that thou art in such distress?" inquired the shepherd, with an air of suspicion and anxiety.

"Were that the case, I should suffer justly, but I am a most innocent man: I am George Frommer, and reside at Nuremberg, where not even a child can speak ill of me."

"Then why dost thou tremble at meeting the warden?" said the shepherd.

"What had Hans Lerchner of Radstadt, or Veit Bremen of Schwabock done," inquired Frommer, "that they should have been imprisoned, and tortured by hunger and thirst, frost and stripes? Only because a Christian book was found in their possession. And what will be my fate, who have here a package full of Bibles, which I am endeavouring to distribute among the poor, forsaken flock of Jesus? Assist me, my son; help a poor old man who has not yet courage to quit

* *Warden of Werffen.*—The principality and archbishopric, now the circle of Salzburg, was divided into four jurisdictions, denominated *Pfleggerichte*, memorials of the practice noticed by Tacitus among the German tribes, whose cantons were under the government of a nobleman deputed by the prince to administer justice, settle controversies, etc., like the sheriffs of the Anglo-Saxons in their respective shires.

this world, to which he is bound by the ties of wife and children."

"Thou art right," said the youth, "thou mightst fare badly if thou wert in the warden's power. There is one means of escaping from him, however, but it does not suit a man who, coming from the plains, is unaccustomed to our mountain toil."

"Ah! I have lived on the mountains longer than thou hast, and it is but a few years since I quitted Salzburg for Nuremberg."

"The better for thee," replied the shepherd, "but thou saidst that thy package was filled with Bibles. I should be rejoiced to possess one of them. What may be the—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the old man. "When death is following close at my heels, can I occupy myself with the affairs of trade? Thou shalt assuredly have a Bible, but I cannot take it out of the package at present. Assist me to depart in safety."

"Take courage," said the youth, "for see they are still passing along the marsh which separates us from them, and in the meantime we can come to a settlement in a few words. Art thou acquainted with the wealthy Mr. Manlicken, at the Shippen?"

"Yes, yes, but the warden!"

"He is not come yet. This rich Mr. Manlicken," continued he, "is my master. I let him keep my wages for me, and he can pay thee out of them, if thou wilt entrust him with a Bible on my account. He will not betray thee," he added, observing the anxiety of the traveller visibly increasing whilst they conversed.

"Detain me no longer," entreated the latter earnestly, overcome by his fears. "Help me! save me!"

"Well, then," rejoined the other, "dost thou not see that I am already making preparations?" Thus saying, he laid hold of a little sledge, which he carried to one side of the Alp, where, covered with soft grass, it sloped almost perpendicularly into the abyss beneath. George Frommer followed.

"Look!" said the youth, "the warden and his followers have not yet passed through the marsh down there, and cannot perceive the manner of thy escape. But prepare quickly: 'twere better that the package should be fastened behind, so as to be drawn after the sledge; it will serve for a counterpoise, and prevent thee from being overturned. So; art thou ready? Here are the shaft-sticks; keep thyself steady whilst I start the sledge in its course; and steer steadily to the left, or thou mayst perchance fall into the marble quarries."

"But what will become of thee, my brave youth," inquired Frommer, who was already slowly gliding over the slippery turf in the little sledge which had been set in motion by the powerful hand of the young man, "if the warden should discover thee?"

"Be not anxious on my account," said the other, laughing. "My 'Garden of Paradise'* is not a piece of bacon or a sausage that the dogs can scent it out, and therefore I am in no danger from him."

"Thanks for thy kindness," said Frommer; and as he cast a glance at the package which was now being tossed from side to side, he exclaimed, "God forgive me! that I should suffer his Holy Word to be thus irreverently treated, but—"

* "My Garden of Paradise," etc.—The books to which the Protestants were most attached, and for the possession of which they were punished with pecuniary penalties, were the German Bible, "The Postills of Luther," "Spangeberg," and "Simon Paul;" Arndt's "True Christianity" and "Little Garden of Paradise;" Luther's Catechism, and the Tracts of Schaitberg.—Schethorn, *Comments de Religionis Evang. in Prov. Salzburg ortu et fatie*, sect. ix., p. 96.

The peasant now removed his hands from George Frommer's shoulders, when the latter shot down in the sledge with a fearful and continually increasing velocity; so that the remainder of his speech was quickly lost. The shepherd looked cheerfully after him as he continued his dangerous descent, and as soon as he perceived that Frommer was almost out of sight, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he called out to the full extent of his powerful voice, "My name is Johannes Weinleidentner, dost thou hear?" "Dost thou hear!" echoed back the mountain on the right. "Dost thou hear!" was the faint response from the vale beneath.

CHAPTER II.

THE valley of the Werffen lay between mountains whose snow-covered summits now gleamed, in the reflection of the evening sun, with the glorious radiance of gold. The Salza, loudly murmuring, rushed over the rocky ground, scattering a silver foam upon its dark-green mossy banks. The village cottages, standing far apart, were overshadowed by tall walnut-trees, and encircled by thickly clustered vines. Of all these homesteads the most considerable was that called the Shippen. The gentle declivity of the mountain against which it stood formed several terraces, bordered with vines and gooseberry bushes. In the intervening spaces, fine linen was spread upon the turf to bleach, affording satisfactory evidence of its owner's opulence. Outhouses and sheds of smaller size surrounded the spacious court, where the poultry had just finished their evening meal and were repairing to their roost. A number of horses laden with heavy sacks of flour were waiting to be relieved from their burdens. Close by them a flock of sheep pressed with clamorous bleating to consume the savoury repast prepared for them in their pens. The luxuriant fruit-trees which on all sides adorned the court appeared one sheet of bloom, and the aromatic scent of elders, honeysuckles, and woodbines was diffused around.

The owner of this domain was sheltered in an arbour from which he commanded a full view of the road. His cheerful and vigilant partner, his blooming daughter—a damsel just entering into womanhood—and two sons, her juniors, were seated at their frugal repast. Herdsmen, plodding homewards, saluted him kindly as they passed, bright-eyed maidens cast respectful glances, whilst the aged of the village paused on their way to address familiar greetings to the friend and kinsman of all.

George Frommer of Nuremberg approached the arbour in order to execute his commission. With the exception of several rude shocks, his sliding expedition at the morning's dawn had terminated safely. In a few minutes he had made his descent into the valley, which otherwise would have occupied him a couple of hours. It seemed, too, that he had found plenty of customers for his prohibited wares, since he now appeared without his package, and wore an air of contentment.

"May God grant thee a good evening, Manlicken!" cried he.

"The same to thee, George Frommer: whence comest thou?"

"From Nuremberg," said Frommer. "I can never remain long away from my native place, its attractions are always irresistible."

"Then why dost thou not stay here altogether?" replied Manlicken.

"That would not suit me; I have not only my employment, but my wife and children in Nuremberg."

"Thou art of a restless disposition," rejoined his friend, "or thou wouldst change this mode of life."

"Leave me to my own choice, friend Manlicken," said Frommer. "But thou must know that I have already derived a benefit from thee! There is a worthy young fellow keeping thy cattle on the Alp, who willingly gave the traveller a draught of good milk."

"Ah, thou art speaking of our Hans."

"Yes, yes, that is his name. He shouted it after me when I had almost lost both sight and hearing by the rapidity of my journey; Hans Wein something."

"It was Weinleidtner," observed the daughter, eagerly.

"Very likely," said Frommer. "He is a very fine, and, what is more, a very worthy youth, who does not pass his time unprofitably on the Alp, but devotes it to the study of pious books. Moreover, he has preserved me from the warden of Werffen, who, thou mayst be certain, would not have been at all lenient towards me, if my package had fallen under his scrutiny. For this reason I have brought him a great treasure," pointing to a small parcel under his arm; "a Bible," he whispered, cautiously, "for which thou wert to pay me out of his wages; but God forbid that I should take a farthing from him. The holy book is a faithful mirror, in which man need only look, in order to learn how to act through life—a counsellor in joy and grief—a comforter in adversity, and a guide to heaven."

"Peace, softly!" said Manlicken, evincing a little confusion; "think of the warden."

"Of that miserable being, whom I well knew as clerk to the old tax-gatherer?" rejoined Frommer.

"Very true," said Manlicken, "but he is now become our governor, and is a baron besides."

"Humph!" continued Frommer, "through the money of the peasants, which, whether they liked it or not, they were obliged to advance him for the purchase of his nobility. Ah! Manlicken, thy coughing and hemming betray perplexity: ha, ha, ha! he has also laid thee under contribution, I expect, has he not? Well, do not be angry; but—"

"Hush!" cried Manlicken, "help thyself to our fare."

"Thanks, thanks," said Frommer, "but I must be gone, for Anthony Wallner is to expound the word of the Lord this evening to a congregation of our devout countrymen. Thou mayst accompany me if thou choosest."

"I have to remove my flour into the store-room, and to trim the hedge that is running wild behind the court," replied Manlicken, by way of excuse.

"I see," said Frommer, "thou art one of those who, according to scripture, have bought a field, or five yoke of oxen, or taken a wife, and therefore cannot come. Thou art plainly represented in the divine mirror. One thing, however, I say to thee, Lay not up for thyself treasure, which the moth and the rust corrupt, and which thieves dig up; but rather lay up for thyself treasure in heaven. May the Lord open thine eyes! Thou art, surely, not afraid of receiving thy good Hans's property and delivering it to him?" It was not without a feeling of shame that Manlicken took the present, and the worthy distributor of Bibles departed, murmuring audibly, "May God protect thee!"

Manlicken left the task of removing the flour to his wife and daughter, the hedge was suffered to continue in its wild and neglected state, whilst he himself withdrew to his chamber, deeply absorbed in the thoughts of what he had just heard. There he unclosed the sacred volume, turning over the pages of the New Testament. His mind as well as his eyes were riveted

by the passage, "Verily I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." In great alarm he laid down the book, and for some time continued pacing up and down the room.

At length he called to his daughter. "Barbara," he said, "get a quartern of our finest white flour, a side of bacon, and three score of eggs; take them to the holy father, and desire him to include us in his prayers, that when our time arrives our death may be happy."

With a mind more tranquillised he then returned to the volume, to which he was drawn by an irresistible attraction. He turned over the leaves for a long time to find whether there were other passages which in like manner might be applied to himself. At last he read: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully," etc., Luke xii. 16. "But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" This affected him deeply. With a secret shudder he caught up the little looking-glass to see whether there appeared any shadowing of that relentless death who he feared might summon him so speedily away. His countenance seemed paler than usual. In order to appease his disquietude he occupied himself with different matters in the courtyard, where, after a little time, he was soon accosted by his daughter on her return home.

"Well, what said the holy father?" eagerly inquired Manlicken.

"He wished to know," replied Barbara, evidently disgusted at the result of her mission, "whether that was our finest flour, if we had only bacon instead of ham, and whether our hens laid only such small eggs."

"Ah! covetous, insatiate priest!" muttered the angry farmer. "But will he include us in his prayer?" he asked aloud.

"Yes, my father, he will include thee; but as for me," said the maiden, colouring with indignation, "he began to address such language to me that I hastily escaped from him."

Irritated and inwardly shocked by the answer he received, Manlicken returned to his chamber, where he gave the Bible in charge to his wife, with directions to conceal it amongst Weinleidtner's effects. All the rest of the evening he spent in company with his sons indoors. At length he sent the eldest in search of his mother, when the latter came back with the news that he had found her and Barbara sitting upon Weinleidtner's trunk, and reading out of the new, thick book. Manlicken felt uneasy in his mind. The cricket, which he heard unweariedly chirping at the foot of his bed throughout the sleepless night, appeared to him the death-watch ticking in ominous warning. He was but little refreshed by that night's repose.*

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

How different the mental from the physical portrait! The first, a likeness of graceful form and simple beauty; the last, a picture of what Byron rudely called, "a dumpy woman." In person Miss Mitford was short, rotund, and unshapely; but in her manners, easy,

* The historical tale of "The Exiles of Salzburg," by Gustaf Nieritz, is translated for the "Leisure Hour," by the author's special permission, by Mrs. L. H. Kerr, translator of Professor von Ranke's "Servia."

amiable, and interesting, and in her writings, natural, intellectual, and delightful. Her volumes descriptive of country life are charming, and, soon after the first was published, were accepted with deserved admiration by the public. The most famous artists of the Low Countries never produced paintings of greater truth, whether given to character or to scenery; and with her all the same skill was chastened by female delicacy and refined feeling. From manly cricket to childish pastimes, she could follow every turn of the games; and good humour, as well as good sense, attended her everywhere, and guided the spirit of observation upon homely English life.

But she entertained yet higher aspirations in literature, and several tragedies bear witness to her dramatic powers. "Julian and Foscari," and "Rienzi," the best of all, afford ample proof of her great talent and extraordinary perseverance. "Rienzi" was a triumph, and I had next morning a letter from her father announcing the success. Dr. Mitford was a fine, hearty, jolly Whig of the old school, and a magistrate in the county. In person he was the beau-ideal of our pictorial John Bull—bluff, yet gentlemanly, tall, stout, portly, and fresh-looking; and one who, if his physical lineaments were not inherited, certainly transmitted the high good-humour I have noticed to his accomplished daughter. And she had sometimes much need of it; for circumstances demanded that possession of equanimity and contentment which strikingly marked her character, disarming adversity, and creating the sincere esteem and affection of all the friends who knew her.

Yet amiable and gentle as she was, it cannot be supposed that she was deficient in energy or destitute of enthusiasm. If she had been, she never could have gone through the trials of her literary and dramatic labours, and the cares and disappointments which invariably appertain to such a career, and which are but poorly recompensed in the end, even when it is successful.

In her retired rustic home at Three Mile Cross, three miles from Reading, Miss Mitford resided thirty years, cultivating her flowers, mostly of common sorts, and enjoying the shade of at least one fine umbrageous tree, which shielded the poetic spot from the scorching summer sun. Hither her fate attracted many admiring pilgrims and the visits of attached friends. Among the latter I may mention two, who prominently took deep and constant interest in her welfare—the Rev. Mr. Harness, her literary executor, and Mr. Francis Bennoch, a city merchant, whose attentions to her, whether of a literary or comforting description, were incessant, and continued to the last.*

And, as I am naming names, it may not be out of place to commence my illustrations by a portion of a letter, exhibiting the Lyric among her literary pursuits, from the authoress to her last-mentioned friend:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—That song is now charming, though whether the conclusion will go well to music is more than I can tell. You know, of course, that all musicians, whether composers or singers, complain of Sir Walter, and that even the matchless "County Guy" won't sing. If this be so, the

fault will be with me, or rather with my first stanza, for I always feel a conviction that your writings are music in themselves; or rather the fault will be in the additional line, exquisite as to sense, and essential to the accordance of the two stanzas; and after all, a musician of any skill ought to manage it.

The following is the song about the euphony and correctness of which she was so anxious. The second stanza certainly maintains the original sentiment, and the pathos of the whole is as certainly enhanced by the addition of the final lines, which do credit to the co-operation she solicited from her friend.

GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow, good morrow! Warm, rosy, and bright
Grow the clouds in the east, laughing heralds of light;
Whilst still as the glorious colours decay,
Full gushes of music seem tracking their way.

Hark, hark!

Is it the sheep-bell among the ling,
Or the early milkmaid's carolling?

Hark, hark!

Or is it the lark,
As he bids the sun good morrow?

Good morrow,

Though every day brings sorrow!

The daylight is dying, the night drawing near,
The workers are silent, yet ringing and clear,
From the leafiest tree in the shady bowers
Comes melody falling in silvery showers.

Hark, hark!

Is it the musical chime on the hill,
That sweetly ringeth when all is still?

Hark, hark!

Oh! sweeter than lark
Is the nightingale's song of sorrow,

Of sorrow;

But pleasure will come to-morrow.

My next letter is to the same friend, and falls so naturally within the scope of my portraiture, that I feel much indebted for the copy.

Now that the weather seems breaking, dearest Mr. B—, I am beginning to think of all pleasant things; of primroses in the meadow, violets on the bank, sweetbriar at the garden-gate, and you, with your cheery looks and voice, here in my room. Well I know that you will come when you can, and you know that the flowers of May cannot be more welcome. I want cheering just now more than ever, for while there is no sort of change in my powers of motion, there is one much for the worse in another respect, this smoky, dusty room having greatly affected my eyesight. Well, we must hope. Everybody is kind to me as usual. Amongst the rest, your friend Delille. What I want of Lally Tolland is a memoir of his father, containing an account of his retreat from Pondicherry in 1761, and if he could procure me that work, or a sight of it, I would most gladly and gratefully pay all expenses. It is probably comprised in the memoirs of Plaidoyers, Paris, 1771, which forms one of the works in his list—a list more ample than that in the Biographie Universelle (6 vols. 4to, Paris, 1841), which has hitherto been the only one I have been able to obtain.

Will you have the great goodness to tell him this, with a thousand thanks on my part. What has become of the poem of which you promised me a slip? Lady Russell asked me yesterday when your poems would come out,* but I expect that new bridges are standing in the way, and I expect too much from that volume to hurry it. I have just been reading Mr. Justice Talfourd's new play, "The Cordiliere," printed, not published, and as yet, to use his own words, "a very private one," since he has not given it to a dozen persons. The subject is the revolt at Toledo headed by Podilla, in the early part of the reign of Charles the Fifth, and it is very beautifully written. Adieu, dearest friend.

Ever faithfully yours,

M. R. M.

* In the "Art Journal," published soon after her death, appeared "Recollections of Miss Mitford," from the pen of this gentleman, with additions by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, altogether a very interesting memoir. From it we gather that Mr. Harness was prepared to carry out her wishes by publishing her correspondence and collected works, but was baffled by the greediness of her two servants, to whom she had bequeathed her personality. It is to be hoped that with the mass of materials in his and Mr. Harness's hands, Mr. Bennoch may yet be enabled (though thirteen years have passed away since we mourned her death) to overcome this difficulty, and accomplish the fulfilment of a design so likely to be highly appreciated by the literary world.

* A design not yet carried into effect, and of the merits of which only an opinion may be gathered from some brief specimens in the recent publication of selections from modern Scottish songsters by Dr. Rogers, at Stirling.

Our next is still very miscellaneous, and exhibits more and more the grateful heart touched by every feeling, and the stirring mind alive to every incident that was passing around.

Thank you, a thousand times, dear friend, for your kindness about the oranges. I myself eat one a day, but one wants them sometimes for children, and perhaps to squeeze occasionally in water; so if they will keep a month, perhaps half a hundred once a month would be the right quantity. It is not like the same fruit with the trash sold in Reading, or even with some that a friend sent me this year from Covent Garden; but you have an instinct for the best in all things.

Once only that instinctive good taste has failed you. Appreciating heartily and gratefully the generous kindness which inclines you to do everything for those books of mine, I yet differ most entirely with you as to the common decency of my writing a notice of my own life for a newspaper. I would not do so were it certain to make the difference of the highest success or the most signal failure. I should as soon write a critique on my own works. The one would be as unseemly as the other. All that I can do is to furnish you with a list of publications. Correspondents are out of the question. It is wrong to drag one's friends into a matter of the sort. I could not put the dates of the play, every copy that I had having been sent to the printer's, so keep the dates back.

And once again I have to entreat you not to ask me to write *anything*. No; not a note merely. You would not if you knew the harm it does me. The position is so painful that it takes away my breath, and greatly aggravates for many hours that rheumatic pain which increases every day, and will, I suppose, finish in the heart complaint, which is its very frequent consequence. Every exertion, every fatigue, every excitement—above all, every worry, brings on more palpitation of the heart, which lasts for many hours. I see clearly that you have no notion of my bodily state. You judge (as people judge of the cheerfulness of the blind) by the good spirits which you see during the two or three hours enlivened by the rare delight of your company. The reaction of days and weeks you do not see; but I have a right to be believed when I tell you this, and I am sure that K—— and Sam (her maid and man servant) and Mr. May (her medical attendant) will tell you the same, because from my youth to this hour I have never spared myself. I have always been over-willing to exert every faculty, whether of mind or body. A year and a half ago I received, and did my best to entertain, Mr. Field and Grace Greenwood during such a state of fever that Mr. May (here at the time) wished to send them off, and that on their departure I took to my bed, which I did not leave for a month. I finished "Atherton" when very very few people would even have held a pen.

A word with you, my dear friend. I do wish that your visits should not be quite like those to a hospital. Do not retort this upon me, and do not force me into writing these unhappy truths again. Above all, treat me as a friend who loves you dearly and gratefully, and not as a machine for putting words together. Summer air may do me good, but till July or August the very air will be fatigue, and no amendment can be hoped for. God bless you. Do not be angry with me.

Ever yours,

M. R. M.*

These familiar letters, it is true, enter upon minute details, but they are The Life of a highly-popular national author, and from her own pencil. So she went on from day to day, cheered by good offices and elevated by the homage paid to her by friends of such station in rank and the world of letters, that she might well think their admiration was like "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, praise indeed!" Then there came the flattery dear to literary fame,—pilgrims from foreign parts, who procured introductions to manifest their personal

* This letter was in reply to one from Mr. Bennoch, who, seeing how her strength diminished, was anxious to obtain a list of her works, their dates of publication, and a few notes as to her own life. Although she scolded him, she nevertheless complied, and hence the accuracy of the brief biography in the "Fine Arts Journal," prepared by her friend and correspondent.

respect for her and her writings. Two are mentioned in the last letter, and worthy of a note, namely, Mr. Field, the eminent publisher (Ticknor and Field) of Boston, himself a pleasing poet, and Grace Greenwood, the *nom de plume* of a very popular American authoress, of the genuine Mary Mitford ring, and well worth similar admiration across the Atlantic. Both were delighted with their visit, little suspecting that it cost their hostess so much.*

But withal, the asylum, whether from cares or sickness, which consoled and comforted her the most was that into which love of literary pursuits led the way: For though literature is,

Like the tempest-troubled ocean,
Sometimes high, sometimes low,

it has its quiet places, as the sea has its harbours, which the storms do not reach; and the author (sailor-like) finding nothing but pleasure there, forgets the toils and troubles common to every-day existence. And this is the undying resource of the ideal from the real: imagination creating its own bright sky to dwell in for a while, far above the gloom and shadows of the changing world. Devotedness to literature enjoys still more grateful solace than this in its disappointments and sorrows; for the genuine literary man or woman feels intensely that his or her toiling is not for self, but for the well-being of human-kind; a higher motive than the thirst for fame.

Well, but literary labourers are not all simplicity and honey. Though not armed, like trade, with "quills upon the fretful porcupine," they can sometimes wake up to take their own parts with their one quill after a fashion, and assert, or try to defend, their special worldly affairs. Mary Mitford, though a poet, was an active little body, and did not like to be put down or imposed upon. The following letter demonstrates this characteristic in her, and grieved am I to add that it also shows how severely the changes of fortune, to which I have reluctantly alluded, sometimes affected her moderate circumstances and disturbed the equanimity of her placid nature.

MY DEAR MR. JERDAN,—You will, I am sure, remember that you wrote to me on the part of Mr. Schloss, at whose request I edited for him the *Bijou Almanack* of the present year. Besides the usual quantity of verse, I wrote an introduction and some stanzas (not used on account of the plate not being finished), besides an advertisement in prose. In short, I did more than I stipulated to perform, although my dear father was slowly dying at the time, and it was with unspeakable pain and difficulty that I could raise my spirits to any literary exertion. I mention this to account for my applying to you in consequence of Mr. Schloss's unaccountable silence, who, upon my requesting him to transmit the money due, has not even thought fit to reply to my letter. Will you, should you be going that way, have the great goodness to tell him how much I should be obliged by his remitting the sum mentioned by you? I am most unwilling to trouble you, but circumstances compel me to make the application, my income

* In a series of Home Traits, it may be permitted to add any trifling anecdotes which may exhibit a feature of like characteristics from distant lands. Thus I remember Mr. Field, on a visit to me, passing nearly a whole night in a Kentish wood, listening for the nightingale, which he had never heard. They would not sing in consequence of the cold moonlessness of the season. Near the same spot, at a hayfield merry-making, the boys of the host, another poet (boisterous as usual), conspired to tumble an unlucky gentleman (selected on account of his wearing spectacles) and the good-humoured Grace Greenwood simultaneously into a hayrick, and throw armfuls of hay over them, amid shouts of laughter. In a momentary pause the voice of the smothering gentleman was heard to call out "More Hay"; and the joke was so relished that in a volume of Recollections published by Grace on her return home to America, she did not forget the droll and witty impromptu.

being so slender, and my health so uncertain, as to render even this trifling sum important to me in my present situation.

*May excuse my freedom
in applying to you, & believe
me, my dear Sir, with every
good wish,
Yours obliged friend & servant
M. R. Mitford*

Three Mile Cross, near Reading,

July 4th, 1843.

Of course, if I do not speedily receive this money, I must make the matter known in other quarters less friendly.

Poor Schloss, whom I introduced to Miss Mitford at his request (when L. E. L. could no more give him her aid, which she had bestowed gratuitously), was a slow German, and had not appeared to time. I appealed to him, and he made amends. But his curious little almanack, about the size of a folio thumb-nail, did not latterly much profit the projector, whose fussiness about it was a trouble not small like itself, nor like Miss Mitford's notes in her correspondence, which were all written upon sheets (shall I call them) of letter-paper, four and a half by three and a half inches in length and breadth! And these were filled to the utmost, beginning at top, and ending in so crowded a conglomeration of words that the conclusion and signature were most difficult to decipher—her orthography throughout being (besides) rather a conventional formation of the letters than clearly legible. The above specimen is a favourable one.

Towards the end, after death had removed all her anxieties about her beloved father, the narrowness of means was so mitigated as never to be felt when limited to herself alone; but she suffered much from increasing ill-health and infirmities, and was brought to the condition which cannot be described in language more touching to the human heart than in this, our last letter.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—You would hardly believe that our good friend in Cheapside wholly overlooked the article in the "Illustrated London News," and that I have only just seen it from a neighbour. He has, I believe, from the extracts in the advertisements, overlooked others in the same way. Well, let me talk of the article. It is so kind and so good that but for a little confusion of dates in the earlier paragraphs, I should certainly take it for yours; and the latter part I think certainly is—and so different from those feminine misdoings which I think you do not quite forgive my rating at their just value. Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness. I have had a most affectionate letter from my dear old friend, Dean Milman, who is now in Cornwall on his autumnal progress, this year to the Land's End, and will not get the books until he returns to St. Paul's. But as Arthur Stanley (one of the props of the "Quarterly") and Hugh Pearson have taken the Dramatic Works as their English book into Switzerland, there are good hopes that he may do it. They return the sooner (in three weeks) that my beloved friend may have a chance of seeing me once more—indeed he was most unwilling to go. I wish you had seen Hugh Pearson. He is exactly a younger Dr. Arnold, and has been to me spiritually a comfort such as none can conceive, such as none can be who is not full of tenderness and charity. I went to him for advice and consolation, and I found it (sic). I have always felt that his visitation was the great mercy of a most gracious God to draw me to himself. May he give me grace not to neglect the opportunity! Pray for me, my dear friends. We are of different forms, but surely of

one religion—that which is found between the two covers of the Gospel. I have read the whole thrice through during the last few weeks, and it seems to me, speaking merely intellectually, more easy to believe than to disbelieve; but still I am subject to wandering thoughts—flattering thoughts. I cannot realise ever that which I believe. Pray for me that my faith be quickened and made more steadfast. You will understand how entire is my friendship for you and my reliance upon yours when you read these last few lines. Mr. Pearson staid over Monday that he might administer the sacrament to me. I and one of my oldest and kindest friends, a daughter of Sir Mathew Wood, received it with us, although a nephew of her husband's had died that morning.

I go on gradually but steadily declining. All depends, humanly speaking, on nourishment.

Did I tell you of Appleton's application for my agency? God bless you!

Ever yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER IX.—XEREZ AND SEVILLE.

XEREZ I dare say my readers will recognise as the place whence comes the wine so universally known and drunk, namely, sherry. The name of the town in Moorish days was Sherish Philistin, and hence comes the name of the wine. Truly vines are everywhere in this curious place; hills covered with the precious plant surround the town. We are told that this famous wine was first brought into England in the reign of Henry VII, but it was then esteemed a great rarity, and more used as a generous cordial than as a beverage in common use. In Elizabeth's reign a far larger quantity was imported to England. When the renowned Earl of Essex took Cadiz he brought, on his return, some considerable quantity of what then went by the name of "sherris sack." In Spain it is still called "seco," and in France "sec." For a long time sherris, as it was for some time called, continued the fashion, and it was found in all the cellars of any note in the country. In the days of Lord Holland, to come down to modern times, it became quite the rage; for he was a great traveller in Spain, and brought back the very best wine that could be procured. Spaniards residing far away from Xerez rarely taste this wine in its best form, as all the best is sent out of the country.

No one who has not travelled in this country can imagine the picturesqueness of a Spanish vintage. The costume of the peasantry adds greatly to the general effect, and their animated language, their strong superlative expressions of delight at the beauty of the fruit, are all very entertaining to the by-stander. They are very superstitious, and nothing would induce them to begin the vintage on what they term an unlucky day, or without invoking the protection of one at least of their favourite saints. Instead of the violin that stimulates the exertions of the men who in France tread out the fruit, they employ a guitar; this, with the castanets played by a young girl, seemed to answer the purpose equally well. The Spanish wines are measured by what are called arrobas. This is a Moorish name and measure that has been retained through all the changes that have occurred in the country. It contains of our measures one quarter of a hundredweight. It seems almost incredible, but the statement was made to me by one of the greatest wine merchants at Xerez, and afterwards confirmed by the best authorities, that the annual growth of wine amounts to the vast quantity of 500,000 arrobas; thirty arrobas are equal to a butt of wine. Not more than one-third of the wine produced

ranks as first-class wine, what the Spaniards call "vino seco, fino, generoso;" which wine is very dear, costing rather more than half a dollar a bottle on the spot. We found that pure genuine sherry about twelve years old was worth from fifty-five to eighty guineas a butt in the bodega, or wine-store. When every expense has been added, the wine merchants importing the wine to England will have paid from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five guineas for the butt before it reaches their cellars, and the butt will average about fifty-three dozen bottles. I dare say many of my readers will be surprised to hear that the excellence of sherry depends entirely on the care in the treatment of the wine introduced by different dealers; there are celebrated English, French, German, and Spanish wine merchants.

A bodega, or wine-store, is totally unlike our wine cellars, as it is always above ground. The external heat and glare are always carefully excluded, and it is like entering a delightful grotto. There are thousands and thousands of butts piled up in these stores, all in the most perfect order. There they remain during the rearing and maturing processes, as they are called. The sherry is entirely made from Xeres grapes; still it is made up from many different butts. The preparation of the wines is managed by the "Capataz," or head man. These officials are usually natives of the Asturian mountains; and their office is so important, that any one really practised in its duties, may ask nearly any remuneration he pleases. It is said to be rare to find these men perfectly honest, they have so much in their power; they generally end by cheating not only their immediate masters, but also the growers, who are far more difficult to deceive. The famous Amontillado is so called on account of the peculiar flavour of bitter almonds that it possesses. In all the celebrated bodegas a venerable butt of wine is always found; this is for the purpose of improving the young wines. The old butt contains the very richest wine that can be made. They have a curious custom amongst the growers of calling these butts by different celebrated names, such as Nelson, Wellington, Ferdinand, etc., etc. Rarely is the name of a French celebrity chosen, so intense is the dislike felt for the French people by the Spaniards. The vineyard we visited the most frequently during the vintage was beautifully situated, and in admirable order. Enormous fortunes have been made and also lost in the wine trade; nothing can guard the dealers from the vicissitudes of the seasons, and a vintage looked forward to as one of no common promise may totally change its character from causes which to the unenlightened would seem of no moment. The Spanish vines are trained more like the vines in Italy than either like French or German vines; they are left to grow more freely and luxuriantly, and are trained on trees of a moderate height, but not allowed to grow vagrantly. When the white, green, and purple grapes are ripening, and the heavy bunches weigh down the branches, the sight is most pleasing. In old Spanish romances it is said, "Golden is the grape that grows by the Guadalite," showing that the fruit was as celebrated in the olden time as in the present. A railroad now conveys these precious butts of golden liquid actually on board the vessels that are to convey them to foreign parts.

The Spanish vineyards have the same peculiarity as the French ones, viz., that they are left entirely unclosed. When the fruit begins to ripen, fields near the roads are chosen, and there temporary sheds and awnings are run up, and huts are sometimes built with reeds or boughs. In these is placed the vinadero, or watch-

man; he is armed with a long gun, and he creeps in and out, constantly on the watch, like a watch-dog. If he sees any one approaching he rushes forth with the utmost fierceness in defence of his charge. The way-faring Spaniards, tired, hot, and dusty, long eagerly for some of the refreshing fruit; every practised stratagem, every crafty trick, is essayed to deceive the wary guardian, but in most instances without effect.

Xerez is a curious old town. It ceased to belong to the Moors in 1264. The alcazar is a beautiful specimen of a Moorish fortified palace, with its numerous turrets and picturesque ornaments. The great merchants do not live actually in the town; they very wisely eschew the narrow gloomy streets, with nothing to recommend them but their picturesque air of antiquity, and they have made their homes in the suburbs. Most luxurious are their princely residences, combining every comfort and every attraction that money can purchase, or that can be found in that bright southern land. But I have lingered long enough at Xerez, and must continue my story.

After leaving Xerez we were delighted with the variety and beauty of the wild flowers that grew in abundance over a plain called La Llanura de Caulina. The scene was thoroughly Spanish; no living thing was to be seen, but these beautiful blossoms covered every part of the plain. It would be a rare field for botanical researches. We were told that at a certain season of the year the beautiful lilac iris grew there in profusion, giving its own bright colouring to the ground, so thickly did it cover the plain; and later on, the seed, in the form of clusters of bright scarlet berries, would be nearly as ornamental. Many of the flowers were entirely unknown to me, but there were brilliant cyclamens with their crimson blossoms, many of the cistus tribe, and others too numerous to mention. Flora might well hold her court there! Very loth we were to leave all this beauty. We did pause for a considerable time, and loaded our baskets with the different specimens, but there was a limit to our coachman's patience and we found we had reached it.

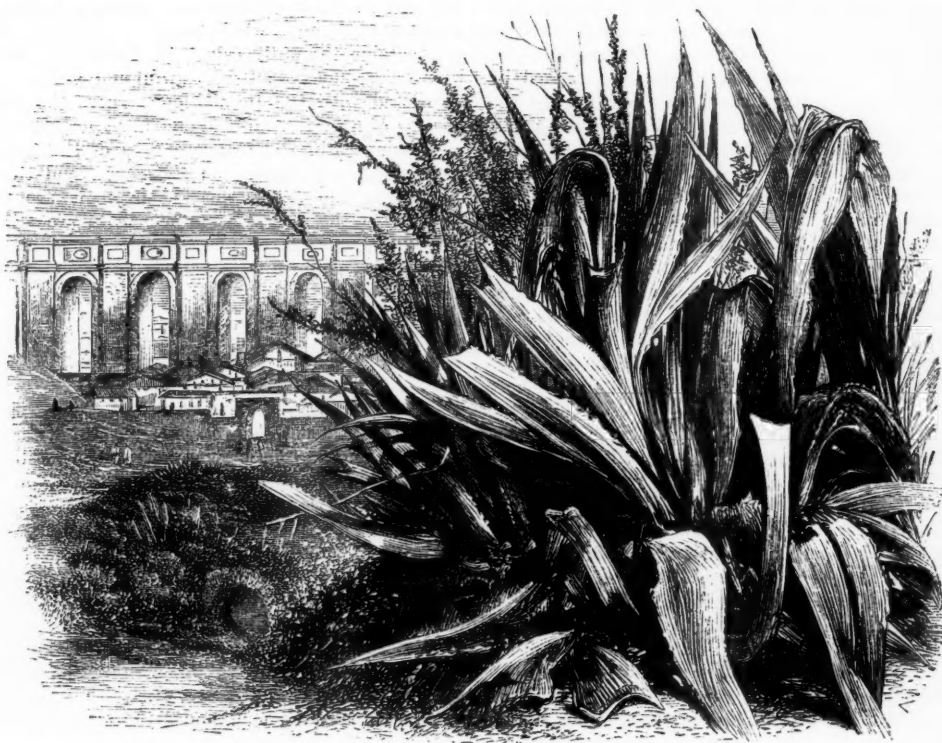
Alcala de Guadaira is remarkable as being literally the bakehouse of Seville; it is quite near to it, but what originally gave rise to the bread for the consumption of Seville being all made at Alcala I could not make out, though I made many inquiries on the subject. Such bread I certainly never tasted anywhere else, and as Spanish bread was famous even in the days of the Romans, one must suppose that the talent for making it in such perfection has been handed down from generation to generation. Every one in Alcala seemed to be employed in the business. The grain is thrashed in the most primitive way in the open air, and in consequence it gets mixed with earthy particles which it is the business of women and children to separate from the corn. We visited one of the large baking-houses, and saw the proceedings from first to last; in kneading, the dough is worked and reworked with much patient care. Every morning at a very early hour the bread is taken into Seville. There are between fifty and sixty ovens in Alcala. The castle of this bread-making town is most interesting, one of the finest Moorish relics to be seen in Spain. From its situation its possession by an invading army was necessarily most important, and in consequence the castle must have been of great strength in order to resist the constant attacks. The subterranean corn granaries (mazmorras) and the cisterns are very curious. Alcala is as famous for the clearness and purity of the water as for the fineness of the bread it furnishes. The excavations into the very

heart of the rock are most picturesque; they date from the time of the Moors, and the crystal streams are conveyed from Alcala to Seville by an aqueduct.

It is impossible by any language to give the reader any real idea of the beauty of Seville, as amidst orange and lemon groves I first saw it rising with its golden towers out of the plain below us. The day was closing

vantage should visit it many times. Above all, visit it in the evening, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows, or again at night when its various chapels are partially lighted up, and its immense aisles dimly illuminated by rows of silver lamps.

There was one sight I was never tired of contem-



AQUEDUCT NEAR SEVILLE.

in, so that the scene had every advantage from the light of the setting sun, and the season also was most favourable for a first visit to this enchanting spot. My companions, who were then seeing for the first time the wonders of southern vegetation, were in continual transports. We drove to the Fonda de Madrid, where a kind friend had secured rooms for us. He possessed one of the most beautiful houses in Seville, where he always came for the winter and spring, and in the course of a few days he laid us under still further obligations, by placing another private house entirely at our disposal. This house, or rather villa, although within less than two miles of Seville, was as solitary as it would be at fifty miles distance from a town in any other country, and nothing reminded us of the vicinity at night but the deep melodious chimes of the cathedral bells.

The character of the city is very peculiar, and there is a strong Moorish colouring evident, go where one will. The churches furnished us with continual banquets; they are very rich in paintings, and I am inclined to think it gave all the greater zest to our enjoyment to feel that, unlike the great Italian paintings that have been admired and talked of till one is almost weary of the subject, these paintings are comparatively but little known to the world at large. The cathedral is indeed glorious, but any one wishing to see it to ad-

plating, the Moorish tower of the Great Mosque, from which the muezzin of old called the faithful to prayer. It is upwards of 250 feet in height, without the beautiful belfry, which was added at a much later period. We were fortunate enough to be at Seville at one of the great church festivals, when this beautiful belfry, with its open filigree-work, is brilliantly illuminated. The effect of such a mass of light at that height, suspended as it seems in mid-air, with no apparent connection with the earth, is indescribably beautiful. The top of the Giralda is the abode of a perfect colony of the smaller hawks; they wheel their airy flight about the tower. (*For view of the Giralda, see p. 392.*)

Seville is the very focus as it were of the adoration of the Virgin. All the ceremonials, all the processions, pictures, statues, and engravings, are in connection with, and in honour of the Virgin. Some of the processions, we were told, were very picturesque, and they are most frequent in winter, and usually at nightfall. All the balconies of the houses before which the procession passes are illuminated, and the uncertain gleams of light that shine on the long treble ranks of the devout worshippers give a singular effect to the varied dresses of the crowd. They chant fine old hymns, and the united voices, as the sound rises and falls upon the ear, thrill through one with a very powerful effect as the centre of the pro-

cession draws near. We had an opportunity of hearing this fine chanting or singing of old hymns in a musical celebration that occurred during our stay, and I could therefore well imagine the thrilling effect of the voices heard at night. The gorgeous lamps used in the churches are seen casting bright rays on all the sumptuous dresses of the priests, who of course take part in the pageant; and the most splendid silken banners, one mass of gold and silver embroidery, are waved aloft, all gathered round the central banner on which the figure of the Virgin is represented. No sooner has the long stream of the procession passed by than every light is extinguished, thus keeping up the idea that the sacred banner sheds light and brightness along the way it traverses, while darkness closes in on those regions not blessed by its presence. The ceremonies during the Holy Week, as they call it, are said to be second only to those at Rome in the magnificence of the arrangements, decorations, and pomp.

The number of convents and other religious establishments that formerly existed at Seville seems almost incredible; it is stated as high as between 150 and 200. All are now in a measure dismantled and turned to other uses. This universal destruction of these venerable establishments gives an air of melancholy desolation.

The Moorish decorations in the alcazar, or royal palace, are unique, and many of the most beautiful have been admirably restored, chiefly by removal of the whitewash from the gilding and from the delicate colouring. Don Pedro the Cruel was one of the great restorers of this interesting old palace. Most of the celebrated Spanish sovereigns resided here. Charles V was married in the alcazar to Isabella of Portugal. The grand court is magnificent, but the rooms looking to the garden are the gems of the whole building in my opinion. In some of the gardens at Seville the orange-trees, without exaggeration, attain almost to the size of large trees. The myrtles also are beyond description beautiful.

The museum at Seville is with good reason considered the best in Spain. Here are some of Murillo's exquisite pictures, especially one of the Virgin and Child, called *La Servileto*, because it was originally sketched on a dinner napkin; the figure of the Holy Child is very highly praised by the best judges.

Any one who likes getting into odd corners, and finding out striking little bits of scenery for himself, may have his taste amply gratified at Seville in the Jews' quarter, "*La Juderia*." It is rich in the most picturesque scenes; such houses, such gateways, such arches, such balconies as are not to be seen elsewhere. The establishment of *Laundresses* is also a most picturesque scene; it is in *El Corral del Conde*.

We were rather disappointed in the beauty of the women of Seville. There were beautiful women there, no doubt, but they were more the exceptions than the rule; the generality of female faces we saw there were sunburnt, and singularly devoid of freshness and bloom.

One excursion we made down the river to an old convent, called *San Juan de Alfarache*. It is built among the ruins of an old Moorish castle, and we spent the evening at a charming country seat in the neighbourhood, which had also been a Moorish retreat in days of yore. In those country seats one continually meets with relics of Moorish labour and taste, channels cut in the sides of the hills through the living rock in search of choice springs of cold and delicate water, and basins and fountains to collect it, and to cool the courts and halls of the mansions.

But we had already reached the middle of September, and it was necessary to make preparations for our onward progress. We reflected that more than two-thirds of the time allotted to our stay in Spain were gone, and we had yet much to see before our tour was completed. We were to go to Madrid, pausing only a short time at Cordova.

One spot in the environs of Seville it was impossible to pass by without a shuddering feeling of horror seeming to pervade one's whole being. I allude to the plain just outside the walls, called *El Prado del Sebastian*, where were enacted all those awful and guilty tragedies connected with the Inquisition. There the miserable victims of a narrow-minded and most ferocious bigotry met their death: The gloomy fires of the Inquisition were constantly lighted on that spot, and the traces of the terrible scenes enacted upon it are not left entirely to the imagination, for there are still to be seen the marks of the places where the foundations of the square platform were raised on which the faggots were placed.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CURATE'S PETS.

THAT "man was not made to live alone" is a trite truism. Start not, fair readers, and think that I am going to indulge in a piece of sentimentalism, and introduce you to some, or rather to one, of the numerous young ladies of my acquaintance. My narrative is not a novel, but merely a record of dry, true facts. But many a man who cannot afford to marry and settle, and who tires of being always at his work and his books, must seek some relaxation in his leisure hours. It will not do to keep the bow always strung. How often has this been felt since I have become a metropolitan curate, with not many minutes to spare from dawn till night! Health gives way, and usefulness is at an end, under the strain of incessant toil.

When I was in the country I amused myself with keeping various pets, including a dog, a number of good white *Cochin China* fowls, a canary, an aquarium, and a tame pike. A short description of the last shall come first.

An artificial pond had been made in the vicar's garden for the purpose of supplying the house constantly with water. I have mentioned previously that the village was only supplied by little running brooks from the firs and from small hill-side springs. A young pike was procured to cleanse the pond from all impurities, such as beetles, lizards, and the like insects and reptiles which inhabit stagnant fresh sheets of water. He fulfilled his appointed task so effectually that he himself soon needed to be artificially fed. This I undertook to do, and every morning when I went to the pond I nearly always found him in one identical spot. If he was not on the surface of the water, he would immediately rise and begin to wag his fins and tail with delight in anticipation of the coming banquet.

In the course of a few weeks he would follow me round the pond, and a little later he would allow me to tickle his back and sides with a slender twig. I managed to retain him as a favourite for three years. Each winter he used to disappear for nearly three months, and when he reappeared in the early spring he looked all the worse for his long fast, for I suppose he went to sleep in the mud at the bottom of the pond for that period. When he again awoke up his appetite was enormous, as if he intended to make up for lost time, and he would easily

swallow eight or ten good-sized frogs as his daily meal.

One day, unfortunately, I tried the experiment of seeing if he would take and eat one of those disagreeable-looking brown land lizards, which are commonly found under trailing plants in a damp situation; so, having caught one of these newts, I first threw into the pond two or three frogs, which the pike greedily and quickly devoured; I then threw in my lizard, when it was as quickly captured and swallowed as the frogs had been, perhaps because it was thought to be one. A bad and fatal result attended my experiment. In about half an hour after seizing the lizard the fish began to swim about the pond as if in the greatest agony, increasing his speed each hour, and even lashing the water and covering it with foam by the impetus of his movements. I was really quite dismayed at the issue of my thoughtlessness, but powerless to render any assistance. The next day the pike, having completely lost his natural colour and exchanged it for a dull leaden one, turned over and died. When I had rescued it from the water it weighed four and a half pounds. The cause of its death, I suppose, was poison from the lizard it had devoured.

Of course my dog was of all my pets my especial favourite, being the most intelligent. He was my constant companion in my walks, and in my parochial visits, though, from his showing a decided enmity towards cats, he sometimes brought us both into trouble. He was a mongrel-bred dog, though the skye terrier predominated. He was a very faithful watch, and possessed of no ordinary cunning. Among other capabilities, he could sham illness to perfection. When he wanted to gain what I had denied him, he would go to the side of the room, and there lean his head against the wall and turn up his eyes until nothing but the whites of them remained visible. And if, when in this position, I began to pity him, he would shake and tremble all over, so that a spectator would imagine he was going to die in convulsions. But, as I have already said, these shams were only put on to gain a desired object. For instance, if I had denied his accompanying me in a walk, he would begin to act in the above-mentioned way. If I told him he might go out along with me, no sooner had the words escaped my lips than he would jump about so furiously with delight, and wag his tail, and make such a disturbance, that he would forget everything about his pretended illness. I suppose he at first expected I would have to stay at home with him. He did not try the trick when he saw I knew what he was up to.

The clerk's wife gave him to me as a puppy, and he always retained great affection for her. If he could steal away from the parsonage and get to her house he would be quite delighted and perfectly satisfied. On these solitary journeys he never travelled by the ordinary road, fearing, I suppose, lest he should be stopped and brought back; but to avoid such a catastrophe he would go to the clerk's house by way of a long ditch overshadowed with fern and brake, and then skirting the village in a roundabout manner, he would jump a high wall and alight in the garden, and thence sneak into the house, where he would rest content till I called for him to take him home. But, on the other hand, if I called *with* him, and wished him to stay there while I paid parochial visits, nothing would induce him to remain: why, I know not.

With respect to my aquarium, it was a source both of much amusement and instruction to myself, as hundreds who possess a properly ordered one can well suppose.

The interest is much heightened if all the inhabitants of the aquarium have been procured by the personal exertions of the owner. Give me a good clean ditch, or a shallow pond, and then I have a fund of amusement for hours together. Often when the old people of the village passed me as I was groping and poking about the side of a pond with my can and my nets, they smiled at my enthusiasm, and wondered what I could see in a pond that was worth all this searching. Nevertheless I persevered, and even induced several of the young people to find specimens for themselves.

A caution or two I would venture to tender to those wishing to form aquariums. Never crowd your tank with too many inhabitants. Insects, like human beings, thrive best with plenty of air and space.

The next important thing in regulating an aquarium is to discover what species will best agree together in the same globe. Now the golden carp and the common little stickleback will by no means do together, for the latter will soon destroy the former, chasing them incessantly about the aquarium, and trying to pierce their enemies' sides with the sharp thorn, or horn, that they are able to erect and thrust out from their own sides. They remind one very much by their motions of what we read of a combat between a sword-fish and a whale; for the poor gold-fish are just as defenceless against the attacks of the sticklebacks, although they are only the size of their tails, as are the whales against the persevering attacks of their foes.

Again, the larger striped black-beetle should never be put into the same aquarium with fish of any kind, for they will soon attack and kill the fish, especially tench or roach, by biting them under the belly.

I could tell many interesting anecdotes about my aquarium and its inhabitants, but I will only on the present occasion relate two. Mine was a large one, and possessed a vast variety of insects, who, from my constant vigilance, lived somewhat in the same relation towards one another as do the indwellers of those cages entitled "happy families," seen about the London streets. Among other things I had a quantity of the larvæ of the dragon-fly, and a number of those beetles which are popularly known by the name of "boatman." These were always at variance one with another; perhaps, more properly speaking, I should say they were engaged in an exterminating warfare. I did not find out this at first, but saw that daily the number of each species was rapidly decreasing. So I resolved to watch and discover the cause. Sitting down quietly, I soon perceived a "boatman" beetle sink to the bottom of the aquarium, and then proceed to carefully survey the surrounding neighbourhood. Presently a larva of the dragon-fly peeped very cautiously out of some weeds, and commenced to crawl along for a little way towards the beetle, and then halting, remained motionless. It was, however, soon perceived by the beetle, who advanced circumspectly to the fray. The two insects crept gradually towards each other, until the distance between them was diminished to about an inch. There they remained without the slightest outward sign of movement for a few minutes; when the larva, darting forth a tongue somewhat like the ant-eater's, as it advanced to the attack, seized the beetle with it, and in a second or so, so very short was the interval, the beetle was torn in pieces and eaten on the spot.

In this same aquarium the larger kind of water lizard, commonly called the great black triton, strove to become master over all the tribe of lizards: and its enmity, or appetite, was especially directed towards a small buff-coloured lizard, which the black triton

frequently swallowed to the extremity of its tail. The words "frequently swallowed" may surprise the readers of this anecdote; but I declare that it is true, for I have seen the buff lizard in the throat of the larger triton for upwards of eight hours at a time, and at the end of that period it has been released apparently without injury.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

By the time the readers of these papers have got so far, they will have become acquainted with a few of the disjointed incidents of my first curacy, the particulars of which have been rather hastily jotted down. In this curacy I served my apprenticeship in the ministry of the Church of England. I remained in it seven years—seven of the best years of my life, as regards physical strength. In such perfect harmony did my vicar and myself work, that during the whole of the seven years we had not a single serious disagreement. The little varieties of opinion between us on some occasions were caused by the interference of another, who should have been the very last to have tried to engender strife.

I thankfully acknowledge that in this retired pastoral Devonshire parish I enjoyed much hospitality, and received many kindnesses, especially from those ladies who assisted in the parish, to whom I have already alluded, and also from two or three of the farmers.

But I should not be honest, nor would this narrative be truthful, if I did not also confess that in this parish I met with many trials and was caused much needless sorrow. Some of the vexations which befell me were no doubt brought about by my own errors of judgment; but whether I succeeded or failed in the various undertakings I set on foot, I can conscientiously say that I laboured hard during the time I was resident among the people, with an earnest desire to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of all classes.

Upon looking back upon these seven years one acknowledges that if this time could be recalled a different line of action might have been chosen in conducting many schemes of usefulness in the parish; but this being simply a vain and fruitless complaint, the past must live to speak for itself. A day will come when the work will be tried by its results, and I, as other curates, must stand or fall by that verdict. Be this as it may, very grateful am I for the experience I bought in my first curacy—grateful to my fellow-helpers in their labour of love, and grateful above all, I hope I am, for that protecting, guiding Hand which sustained me in times of trouble, cheered me when cast down, and strengthened me when fainting under a sense of my awful responsibility in the work of the ministry.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WENT down into the captain's cabin, and, awakening him, told him what the surgeon had said.

"Mutiny!" he exclaimed, as he dressed himself with the usual rapidity of a seaman. "We will soon settle that matter." He stuck his pistols into a belt he put on for the purpose, and took a cutlass in his hand. "Here, Braithwaite, arm yourself," he said. "Tell the officers to do so likewise. We will soon see which of the two, that sea lawyer or I, is to command the *Barbara*."

Telling Gwynne and Toby to guard the arm-chest, and Randolph to rally round him the most trustworthy men on deck, he desired Stubbs and me to follow him forward. Without a word of warning he suddenly appeared among the men, who were supposed to be in their

berths asleep. Going directly up to the berth Badham occupied, he seized hold of him and dragged him on deck, with a pistol pointed at his head, exclaiming at the same time—"Shoot any one who offers to interfere."

The captain was very confident that he had the ringleader, and that the rest would not move without him. "Now!" he exclaimed, when he had got him on the quarterdeck. "Confess who are your accomplices, and what you intended to do! Remember, no falsehood! I shall cross-question the others. If you are obstinate, overboard you go."

Badham, surprised by the sudden seizure, and confused, was completely cowed. In an abject tone he whined out, "Spare my life, sir, and I will tell you all."

"Out with it then," answered the captain. "We have no time to spare."

"Well, sir, then I will tell you all. We didn't intend to injure any one, that we didn't, believe me, sir; but some of us didn't want to go back to Sydney, so we agreed that we would just wreck the ship, and as there are plenty of seals to be got hereabouts, go sealing on our own account, and sell the oil and skins to the ships passing through the straits, and, when we should get tired of the work, go home in one of them."

"And so, for the sake of gaining a few hundred dollars for yourself, you deliberately planned the destruction of this fine ship, and very likely of all on board. Now, understand, you will be put in irons, and if I find the slightest attempt among the crew to rescue you, up you go to the yardarm, and the leader of the party will keep you company on the other."

Badham, in his whining tone, acknowledged that he understood clearly what the captain said, and hoped never again to offend. On this he was led by two of the mates to one of the after store-rooms, where he could be under their sight when irons were put on him, and he was left to his meditations, the door being locked on him. The next morning the crew went about their work as usual, Badham's dupes or accomplices being easily distinguished by their downcast, cowed looks, and by the unusual promptness with which they obeyed all orders. The officers and I continued to wear our pistols and side-arms as a precautionary measure, though we might safely have dispensed with them.

A short time before this, in 1802, a settlement had been formed in Van Diemen's Land, and lately Hobart Town, the capital, had been commenced. It was, however, a convict station, and no ships were allowed to land cargoes there except those which came from England direct with stores or were sent from Sydney, in consequence of which restriction the colonists were several times nearly on the point of starvation.

The heads of Port Jackson at length hove in sight, and we entered that magnificent harbour, the entrance to which Cook saw and named. Wanting in his usual sagacity, he took it for a small boat harbour, and passed by without further exploring it. Having first brought up in Neutral Bay, that we might be reported to the Governor, we proceeded some miles up to Sydney Cove, where we anchored in excellent holding ground about half-pistol-shot from the shore. Sydney had already begun to assume the appearance of a town of some consideration, and contained fully 5,000 inhabitants, though still called the camp by some of the old settlers. As to the houses, however, except the stores and public offices, the greater number, eight in ten at least, were of one story, and were, for the most part, composed of wattle and plaster, although a few were of brick and stone. It is divided into two parts by a river which runs into the cove, and affords it unrivalled advantages

of water communication. Several settlements in the country had already been established, among the chief of which were Paramatta and Hawkesbury. The latter settlement is about six miles long, and about forty miles from Sydney; vessels of two hundred tons can ascend by the river up it a distance of at least forty miles. The town, such as it then was, covered about a mile of ground from one end to the other, and already gave promise of becoming a place of considerable extent. A wise and active governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Lachlan Macquarie, had ruled the settlement for about a year, during which period it had made rapid progress. The previous governor was the notorious Captain Bligh, whose tyrannical conduct when in command of the *Bounty*, produced the disastrous mutiny which took place on board that ship. The same style of conduct when governor of New South Wales, especially in his treatment of Mr. John McArthur, the father as he was called of the settlement, induced the colonists to depose him. The officers and men of the New South Wales corps marched up to the Government House, and, after hunting for him for some time, found him concealed under a bed. His person and property were, however, carefully protected, and he was shortly afterwards put on board the *Porpoise* sloop-of-war, and sent off to England. The settlement, however, quickly recovered from the mismanagement of this unhappy man, and was at the time of my visit in a flourishing condition.

Nearly up to this time the colonists had been in a constant state of dread of starvation from the want of meat and corn. Live stock had now so greatly increased, and wheat was grown on so many farms, that all fear on that score had vanished. A manufactory of coarse woollen cloth from the country wool had been established, and both linen and canvas had been made from the country flax. A coarse kind of pottery was manufactured at Paramatta. A water-mill, the only one in the colony, was nearly finished. Curing and table salt, which will not liquefy, was made at Sydney, and in the same place a manufactory for hats was established. A school also had been opened on the Lancastrian system, each pupil to pay one shilling per week. Altogether it will be seen that the settlement had by this time made great progress, while the governor was making tours of inspection to ascertain what further benefits he could confer on it.

I was fortunate in disposing of the larger part of the cargo under my charge at good prices. Hassall and I agreed, however, that more might be done for our owners, and we proposed, therefore, visiting some of the islands in the Pacific, and either returning home the way we had come, or continuing on round Cape Horn. We had not been long in harbour before O'Carroll made his appearance on board. He had brought the ship of which he had taken charge in safety into harbour, when the emigrants presented him with so handsome a testimonial that he resolved to settle in the colony and lay it out to advantage. The governor had made him a grant of a large extent of farm land, and assigned him some twenty convict servants, land in those days being given away to free settlers, and labour of the nature I have described found them gratis.

"Altogether I am in a fair way of some day becoming a rich man," he observed, "the which I should never have been had I continued ploughing the salt ocean. Besides," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "how do I know, if I did, that I should not some day fall into the clutches of that fearful little monster La Roche; and if I did, I know that he would not spare me. Do you know that even to this day I cannot altogether get over

my old feelings, and often congratulate myself as I ride through the bush that I am far out of his reach?"

O'Carroll kept to his resolution, and became a very successful and wealthy settler. I frequently received letters from him after my return home. In one of them he told me that he had had a surprise. The governor asked him one day, as he could speak French, whether he would like to have some French convicts assigned to him. He had no objection, as he thought that he could manage them easily. What was his astonishment when the party arrived at the farm, to recognise among them, in a little wizened-looking old man, his once dreaded enemy La Roche! He determined to try and melt the man's strong heart by kindness. At first he was almost hopeless in the matter, but he succeeded at last. La Roche confessed that he had placed himself within the power of the British laws in consequence of a visit he paid to England after the war, for the purpose of carrying out a speculation which ended unfortunately. It was satisfactory to hear that he lived to become a changed man, truly repenting of his mis-spent life, and thankful that he had been spared to repent.

I have not spoken of the would-be mutineer, Badham. It must be remembered that he had committed no overt act of mutiny, and though Captain Hassall was perfectly right in putting him in irons, he could not have been brought to trial on shore. The day before we reached Sydney he pleaded so hard to be forgiven, and so vehemently promised amendment in all respects, that the captain resolved to give him a trial. It must be confessed that he was not altogether disinterested in this, as it would have been impossible to get fresh hands at Sydney, the temptation to settle in the country having by that time become very great, so that it was with difficulty we could keep several of our people who had come from England.

Once more we were at sea. We touched at Norfolk Island, to which convicts from New South Wales were sent. It seemed a pity that so fertile a spot, so perfect a little paradise, should be given up for such a purpose. We obtained here a supply of vegetables and pork, which were not to be got at that time at any price at Sydney. After a rapid voyage from this lovely little island we anchored in Matavai Bay, in the island of Otaheite. It was at an interesting time of the history of the island and its king, Otoo, who since the death of his father had taken the name of Pomarre. For many years the band of zealous missionaries who had come out in the ship Duff had laboured on among the people, but though they taught the king, the young prince Otoo, and some of their people, to read and write, they confessed that they had not made one satisfactory convert. In 1808 the greater number of the missionaries retired from Otaheite to the island of Huahine, and the following year all the married ones left that island for New South Wales, in consequence of the wars in which the king was constantly engaged, the destruction of all their property, the risk they ran of losing their lives, and the seeming hopelessness of introducing Christianity among such a people. After an absence of between two and three years, several of them, having wished to make a fresh attempt to carry out the work, sailed from Sydney for Tahiti, but stopped at the neighbouring island of Eimeo, where the king was residing, as Tahiti was still in a state of rebellion. They taught the people as before, and now some began to listen to them gladly. They still seemed to have considered the king as a hopeless

heathen; but misfortune had humbled him, he felt his own nothingness and sinfulness, and the utter inability of the faith of his fathers to give him relief. After the missionaries had lived in the island about a year, the king came to them and offered himself as a candidate for baptism, declaring that it was his fixed determination to worship Jehovah, the true God, and expressing his desire to be further instructed in the principles of religion. The king proved his sincerity, and ever after remained a true and earnest Christian. He still resided at Eimeo, but a considerable number of people in Tahiti had by this time been converted, and the old heathen gods were falling into disrepute.

Now I take this opportunity most emphatically to declare my conviction, from my own experience and from the evidence of other disinterested witnesses, that the accounts of the happy change brought about by the labours of missionaries in the South Sea Islands, as well as in other parts of the world, are perfectly and substantially correct. At the same time, owing greatly to the direct encouragement given to vice by our own so-called Christian seamen who navigate those seas, the ports, like those of England or other parts of Europe, contain many profligate persons. But the character of the islanders must not be judged by these. It cannot be too often repeated that in those places frequented by European seamen the greatest drawback to the progress of the Gospel among the natives is the pernicious example set them by the nominally Christian visitors.

So devastating had been the character of the late wars in Tahiti, that we found it impossible to obtain supplies, and we therefore sailed for Ulitea, the largest of the Georgian group, where we were informed that we should probably be more successful. No sooner had we dropped anchor within the coral bed which surrounds the island, than the king and queen came off to pay us a visit. They were very polite, but not disinterested, as their object was to collect as many gifts as we were disposed to bestow. This island was the chief seat of the idolatry of the Society Islands. It was looked upon as a sacred isle by the inhabitants of the other islands of the group, and more idols existed and more human sacrifices were offered up than in all the others. We were so completely deceived by the plausible manners of the king and queen and those who accompanied them, that the captain and I, the surgeon, and two of the mates, went on shore to visit them in return, accompanied by several of the crew, leaving the ship in charge of Mr. Randolph, the first mate. We fortunately carried our arms, though deeming it an unnecessary measure of precaution. The king had an entertainment ready for us, and afterwards we were allowed to roam about the island wherever we pleased. I observed the people at length pressing round us, and not liking their looks, advised Captain Hassall to order our men to keep together, and to be prepared for an attack. Whether or not they saw that we were suspicious of them we could not tell, but from this time their conduct changed, and they would only allow us to proceed in the direction they chose. At length, however, we got down to the landing-place. As we approached the boats we saw a band of armed natives making for them. We rushed down to the beach, and reaching the boats just before they did, we jumped in and shoved off. These savages, though savage as ever, were also more formidable enemies than formerly, as many of them had firearms, and all had sharp daggers or swords.

On reaching the ship we found that Badham and his

associates had, soon after we left, seized a boat, and, in spite of all Mr. Randolph could say or do, had taken all their clothes and other property with them, and gone on shore. Although by this conduct Badham showed that he could no longer be trusted, and therefore that we were well rid of him, it was important that we should get back the other men, and we agreed to go on shore the next morning to recover them. Accordingly, the chief mate and I went on shore as we proposed, with eight well-armed men, and demanded an interview with the king. He did not come himself, but sent his prime minister, who agreed for six hatchets and a piece of cloth, to deliver them up. We waited for some hours, but the deserters were not forthcoming, and at last the minister and another chief appeared, and declared that as the men were likely to fight for their liberty, it would be necessary that we should lend them our arms.

"Very likely, indeed, gentlemen," answered Mr. Randolph, at once detecting the palpable trick to get us into their power.

"I say, Braithwaite, what say you to seizing these fellows and carrying them on board as hostages? It could easily be done."

"Cook lost his life in making a similar attempt, and we might lose ours," I answered. "I would rather lose the men than run any such risk."

In vain we endeavoured by diplomacy to recover the men, and at last we returned on board, the minister losing the hatchets and piece of cloth. A feeling of anxiety prevented me from turning in, and I walked the deck for some time with Benjie Stubbs, the officer of the watch. At length I went below and threw myself on my bed, all standing, as sailors say when they keep their clothes on. I had scarcely dropped asleep, when I was awake by hearing Stubbs order the lead to be hove. I was on deck in a moment, followed by the captain and the other officers.

"We are on shore to a certainty," exclaimed Stubbs, in an unusually agitated tone.

"Impossible!" observed the captain, "the anchors are holding."

"We'll haul in on the cables and see, sir," answered Stubbs, calling some of the crew to his assistance. The cables immediately came on board. They had been cut through. Still there was a perceptible motion of the ship towards the shore. Another anchor with an iron stock was immediately cleared away, but some time was lost in stocking it, and before it could be let go we felt the ship strike against a coral reef with considerable force. Happily there was no wind, or she would speedily have gone to pieces. At last we carried the anchors out, and hauled her off, but not without unusual difficulty. Suddenly the captain jumped into a boat, and pulled round the ship.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed; "the villains have fastened a rope to her rudder, and were towing us on the rocks." He cut the rope as he spoke, and with comparative ease we got the ship out of her perilous position. Still she was so near the high cliffs which almost surrounded us that we might be seriously annoyed, not only by musketry, but by stones and darts. It was evident, also, that should a breeze set in from the sea, the single anchor would not hold, and that we must be driven back again on the coral rocks.

We were not left long in doubt as to the intention of the savages and the deserters their instigators. Suddenly, fearful shouts burst from the cliffs above us, and we were assailed by a fire of musketry and by

darts and stones hurled on our deck. To return it would have been useless, for we could not see our enemies. Meantime we kept the men under cover as much as possible, and got another anchor stocked and ready to carry out ahead. The savages must have seen the boat, for as soon as she was clear of the ship they opened fire on her, and it was not without difficulty that the anchor was carried out to the required distance, and the crew of the boat hurriedly returned on board.

Owing to Badham's machinations, some of the crew had at first been unaffected, but a common danger now united them, as they saw full well the treatment they might expect should the savages get possession of the ship. Besides the ship's guns we had four swivels, thirty muskets, and several blunderbusses and braces of pistols. These were all loaded and placed ready for use, with a number of boarding pikes, for we thought that at any moment the savages would come off in their canoes and attempt to board us. The whole night long they kept us on the alert, howling and shrieking in the most fearful manner. Soon after day broke their numbers increased, and as they could now take aim with their firearms our danger became greater. Fortunately they were very bad marksmen, or they would have picked us all off. Strange as it may seem, no one was hit, though our rigging and boats received much damage. After the crew had breakfasted, we sent two boats out ahead to tow off the ship, but the bullets and other missiles flew so thickly about them that they returned, the men declaring that the work was too dangerous. However, Benjie Stubbs, jumping into one of the boats, persuaded them to go again, while we opened a fire from the deck of the ship. As soon as the savages saw us ready to fire, they dodged behind the rocks, so that none of them were wounded. Still we hoped that by this means the boats would be allowed to tow ahead without molestation. We were mistaken, for the savages shifted their ground, and once more drove the boats on board. We clearly distinguished Badham and the rest of the deserters among the savages, and several times they were seen to fire at us. Happily they also were wretched shots, and their muskets thoroughly bad also. That they should venture to fire showed that they had no doubt of getting us into their power, for should we escape and inform against them, they would run a great chance of being captured and hung. Later in the day, Toby and I again made attempts to tow out the ship from her perilous position.

The savages all the day continued howling and shrieking and working themselves into what seemed an ungovernable fury, while they were, however, biding their time, knowing that probably a strong sea-breeze would soon spring up and cast the ship helpless into their power. Thus another night closed on us. Ere long great was our joy to feel a light air blowing off the shore. The pauls of the windlass were muffled, and not a word was spoken. The anchors were lifted, the top-sails were suddenly let drop, and slowly we glided off from the land. The weather becoming very thick and dark, we were compelled again to anchor, lest we might have run on, one of the many reefs surrounding the island. Here we remained on our guard till daylight, when we could see the natives dancing and gesticulating with rage at finding that we had escaped them. The favourable breeze continuing, we were soon able to get far out of their reach, I for one deeply thankful that we had not only escaped without loss ourselves, but without killing any of the unhappy savages. The treatment we received was such as at that time might have been ex-

pected from the inhabitants of nearly all the islands of the Pacific, including those of New Zealand, and numberless were the instances of ships' companies and boats' crews cut off by them.

A very few years after our visit, this very island was brought under missionary influence, the idols were overthrown, heathenism and all its abominable practices disappeared, and the inhabitants became a thoroughly well-ordered, God-fearing, and law-obeying Christian community. The same account may be given of the larger number of the islands which stud the wide Pacific, and ships may now sail from north to south, and east to west, without the slightest danger from the inhabitants of by far the greater portion of them.

But it is time that I should bring my narrative to a conclusion. This adventure at Ulitea was amongst my last. Finding that our trading expedition to the Pacific Islands was not likely to prove of advantage to our owners, Captain Hassall and I resolved to proceed home at once round Cape Horn.

We happily accomplished our voyage without accident and without any further occurrence worthy of note. Our path was no longer beset by hostile cruisers, for there was a lull in the affairs of Europe. After the many excitements of the past few months, the days seemed long and tedious as I had never known them before; and it was with a sense of relief as well as of real pleasure, that I again saw in the early morning light the shores of old England looming clear in the distance. I need not dwell on all the happy circumstances of my return, or on the special satisfaction with which I looked again on one familiar face. Suffice it to say that I had the gratification of receiving the commendation of my kind friend Mr. Janrin for the way in which I had carried out his instructions and performed my duties as a Supercargo; and that this voyage prepared the way for more substantial proofs of his favour.

MUSEUMS AS AIDS TO EDUCATION.

In his inaugural address as President of the British Association at Norwich, Dr. Hooker gave the following valuable hints on the educational uses of museums:—

Much as has been written upon the uses of museums, I believe that the subject is still far from being exhausted; for in the present state of education in this country, these appear to me to afford the only means of efficiently teaching to schools the elements of zoology and physiology. I say in the present state of education, because I believe it will be many years before we have school masters and mistresses trained to teach these subjects, and many more years before either provincial or private schools will be supplied with such illustrative specimens as are essential for the teacher's purposes.

Confining myself to the consideration of provincial and local museums, and their requirements for educational purposes, each should contain a series of specimens illustrating the principal and some of the lesser divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, so disposed, in well-lighted cases, as that an inquiring observer might learn therefrom the principles upon which animals and plants are classified, the relations of their organs to one another and to those of their allies, the functions of those organs, and other matters relating to their habits, uses, and place in the economy of nature. Such an arrangement has not been carried out in any museum known to me, though partially attained in that at

Ipswich. It requires some space, many pictorial illustrations, magnified views of the smaller organs and their structure, and copious legible descriptive labels; and it should not contain a single specimen more than is wanted. The other requirements of a provincial museum are—complete collections of the plants and animals of the province, which should be kept entirely apart from the instructional series, and from everything else. The curator of the museum should be able to give elementary demonstrations (not lectures, and quite apart from any powers of lecturing that he may possess) upon this classified series, to schools and others, for which a fee should be charged, and go to the support of the institution. And the museum might be available (under similar conditions of payment) for lectures and other demonstrations. Did such a museum exist in Norwich I am sure that there is not an intelligent schoolmaster in the city who would not see that his school profited by the demonstrator's offices, nor a parent who would grudge the trifling fee. You boast of a superb collection of birds of prey; how much would the value of this be enhanced could there be seen near to it such an illustration of the nature, habits, and affinities of the *raptores* as might well be obtained by an exhibition of the skeleton and dissected organs of one hawk and one owl, so laid out and ticketed that a schoolboy should see the structure of their beak, feet, wings, feathers, bones, and internal organs—should see why it is that hawks and owls are pre-eminent among birds for power of sight and of flight; for circling and for swooping; for rapacity, voracity, and tenacity of life—should see, in short, the affinities and special attributes of birds of prey. This, which refers to the teaching of natural history, is an operation altogether apart from training the minds to habits of exact observation, which, as is now fully admitted, is best attained in schools by Professor Henslow's method of teaching botany. Excellent manuals of many branches of geology are now published, which are invaluable to the advanced student and demonstrator; but from which the schoolboy recoils, who would not refuse to accept objects and pictures as memory's pegs, on which to hang ideas, facts, and hard names. To schoolboys, skeletons have often a strange fascination, and upon the structure of these and the classification of the vertebrata much depends. What boy that had ever been shown their skulls would call a seal or porpoise a fish, or believe a hedgehog could milk cows, as I am told many boys in Norfolk and Suffolk, as elsewhere, do believe implicitly? A series of illustrated specimens, occupying some 5,800 ft. of wall-space, would give at a glance a connected and intelligible elementary view of the classification and structure of the whole animal kingdom; it would stand in the same relation to a complete museum and *systema Naturæ* as a chart on which the principal cities and coast-lines are clearly laid down does to a map crowded with undistinguishable details.

Much of the utility of museums depends on two conditions often strangely overlooked—their situation, and their lighting and interior arrangements. The provincial museum is too often huddled away, almost out of sight, in a dark, crowded, and dirty thoroughfare, where it pays dear for ground-rent, rates, and taxes, and cannot be extended; the object, apparently, being to catch country people on market days. Such localities are frequented by the towns-people only when on business, and when they consequently have no time for sight-seeing. In the evening, or on holidays, when they could visit the museum, they naturally prefer the outskirts of the town to its centre. Hence, too, the

country gentry scarcely know of the museum's existence; and I never remember to have heard of a provincial museum that was frequented by schools, but rather the contrary. I do not believe that this arises from indifference to knowledge on the part of the upper classes or of teachers, but to the generally uninteresting nature of the contents of these museums, and their uninviting exterior and interior. There are plenty of visitors of all classes to the museums at Kew, despite the outer attractions of the gardens.

The museum should be in an open grassed square or park, planted with trees, in or in the outskirts of the town, a main object being to secure cleanliness, a cheerful aspect, and space for extension. Now, vegetation is the best interceptor of dust, which is injurious to the specimen as well as unsightly, while a cheerful aspect and grass and trees will attract visitors, and especially families and schools. If the external accessories of provincial museums are bad, the internal are often worse; the rooms are usually lit by windows on one side only, so that the cases between the walls are dark, and those opposite the window reflect the light when viewed obliquely, and when viewed in front the visitor stands in his own light. For provincial museums, when space is an object, there is no better plan than rectangular long rooms, with opposite windows on each side, and buttress cases projecting into the room between each pair of windows. This arrangement combines economy of space with perfect illumination, and affords facilities for classification. Upon this plan the large museum in Kew is built, where the three principal rooms are 70ft. long by 25ft. wide, and each accommodates 1,000 square feet of admirably lighted cases, 6,700ft. of wall-room for pictures and for portraits of naturalists, besides two fireplaces, four entrances, and a well-staircase, 11ft. each way. A circular building, with cases radiating from the wall between the windows, would probably be the best arrangement of all. A light spiral staircase in the centre would lead to the upper stories. Two or more of the bays might be converted into private rooms without disturbing the symmetry of the interior or intercepting the lighting of the cases. The proportions of the basement and first floor might be such as to admit of additional stories being added, and the roof be so constructed as to be removable without difficulty when an additional story was required; furthermore, rectangular galleries might be built, radiating from the central building, and lit by opposite windows, with buttress cases between each pair of windows.

In respect of its natural history collections the position of the British Museum appears to me to be a disadvantageous one; it is surrounded by miles of streets, including some of the principal metropolitan thoroughfares, which pour clouds of dust and the product of coal combustion into its area day and night; and I know few more disappointing sights, to me, than its badly-lit interior presents on a hot and crowded public holiday, when whole families from London and its outskirts flock to the building. Then young and old may be seen gasping for fresh air in its galleries, with no alternative but the hotter and dustier streets to resort to. How different it would be were these collections removed to the townward end of one of the great parks, where spacious and well-lit galleries could be built, among trees, grass, and fountains; and where whole families need not any more be cooped up for the day in the building, but avail themselves of the fresh air and its accessories at the same time as they profit by the collection.